

**Last Words of Albert R. Parsons.**

Come not to my grave with your mournings,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad feelings and fears!
When my lips are dumb
Do not thus come.

Bring no long train of carriages,
No hearse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines;
But with my hands on my breast
Let me rest.

Insult not my dust with your pity,
Ye who're left on this desolate shore
Still to live and lose and deplore.
'Tis I should, as I do,
Pity you.

For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches, and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life,
But the glory divine—
This is mine.

Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come.
How silent I go to my home!
Cease your sorrowful bell—
I am well.

In Commemoration.

Another anniversary has rolled around, and we are still looking longingly toward the east for the dawn which doth not yet appear. The day of perfect peace, true liberty and equal justice has not come, and the peoples of the earth still groan under oppression, robbery, and war. Our beloved friends and brothers who gave up their lives so bravely and calmly for a cause they loved, have not been justified in the eyes of the world, and perhaps the masses of the people have forgotten their work and their sacrifices. They have no known following—there is no great movement hurrying on to carry out their ideas, and their thoughts have not been materialized in any set work or accomplishment.

Shall we then despair? Have we nothing but sad regrets to cherish, in these sorrowful hours of memory? Is there nothing to hope for in the social and industrial aspect of society today? Is there sufficient progress to satisfy our grieving hearts that they did not die in vain?

These questions will be answered differently by different natures. If one is pessimistic and believes "nothing is worth while," then the outlook is dark, and we have only our regrets, our loss, our disappointments to share with one another today. But if we are hopeful, if we possess healthy, normal minds, and a disposition to enjoy mere living for the sake of living, if everything has a significance pointing to the importance of being, we have much to uphold and cheer us.

True, the trend of events has not been along

the lines that our martyred brothers expected and partly prophesied. There has been no revolution, nor is there one impending; at least, not the universal revolution which was to array the opposing parties distinctly against each other, which was to be participated in by all workers, and which was to usher in the new era of equal rights and opportunities and perfect liberty—this great revolution which we all used to think must come in the near future since industrial conditions would not—could not last—seems as far off as ever today. With the workers of Japan clinched in deadly conflict with their working brothers in Russia, butchering each other more horribly than was ever done before, with workers everywhere "scabbing" on each other, and the masses of the people howling madly over their respective candidates for rulership, it does not look as tho the people, the dear people, were any nearer being a unit on their rights as against the aggressive classes than they were eighteen years ago. No, the universal revolution has not begun, is not even hovering over us.

There is no definite anarchistic organization or movement and our journals for propaganda are languishing; our literature is hardly distinguishable from the literature of the world in general; where it is, it is suppressed.

And saddest of all, the memories of the heroes we loved and mourned, have not been lifted above the foul aspersions, cast upon them by their enemies; they are yet misunderstood, reviled and misrepresented. The honor, which we know belongs to them for high-mindedness, devotion to humanity, bravery, truthfulness at any cost, has not been given them and it still behooves us to make the most of our admiration and love, that others may learn to know how much they deserved them. Seventeen years have gone by since they were judicially murdered, and their names do not yet shine clear upon historical pages with the rays of truth beaming upon them.

Well, it may be too soon to be growing impatient. Christ's followers hid and worshipped him in caves and tombs two hundred years after his persecutors put him to death. They were called miscreants, criminals, dogs, because they believed in and loved the man who was put to a shameful death. We live in the days of wireless telegraphy and expect things to move faster. But enlightenment is a matter of slow growth and development. It cannot be dragged into existence, or shot into humanity, or forced unto mankind by prisons and gallows. Yet, "all things work together for good." That is, all things are parts of the forces which combined, we call evolution: and, patience is one of the elements.

But the lover of humanity need not wholly despair. Tho we have no armies, no generals, no banner, to represent and carry out our ideas, the ideas themselves are penetrating everywhere, pervading all other thinking, and tinging even the religions and moral codes of the world. The best literature of the day, the best art, the best music, the best thoughts of the best people are touched with lofty tendencies toward liberty and justice. The "problem plays" which so disturb the old foggy critics, the "novels with a purpose," which are duly condemned as they appear, but are more widely read than any other works: the studies in sculpture where beauty shows forth some daring aspiration after freedom—all these things prove that the grandest thoughts of the leading thinkers and doers of the world are saturated and permeated with ideals of liberty, and with convictions that the old institutions and laws only intensify the evils they are intended to abolish.

A truth finds its way into everything, whether there is an organized and well defined effort to carry it along or not. Our ideas can scarcely be embodied in a platform, a constitution, or even a declaration of principles. The growth and development of the individual and the resultant voluntary association of free individuals, cannot be set forth and defined by all alike, but each must progress toward his highest ideal as best he can. Organized groups with a central head, compulsory dues, artificial bonds between them, are not necessary to the advancement of the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity which we hold. Our cause is a lofty thought and it penetrates, prevails, like a subtle perfume—it is not a substantial burden which must be carried along by sheer force and physical strength.

Our ideas are also seconded by the essence of the new thought in religion today. The old creeds and ecclesiastical institutions may exist in a way, but only as dry bones which crumble when the light and fresh air fall upon them. People pay very little attention to them nowadays; the new principle is to find within, the light, the guiding principle, the upbuilding forces which go to make up character, rather than to depend upon outside laws, restraints, punishments, and regulations. Of old, the individual was classified, ticketed, placed under orders, attached to some institution, which would get him to heaven in time if he clung to it long enough. Today man is learning that he possesses within himself all the powers of development and accomplishment, that were formerly supposed to reside only in laws, penalties and edicts. The lover of freedom needs the lesson as well as the worshipper of old creeds and codes; for absence of rulership should not mean absence of personal standards

and ideals. Only, instead of goodness being forced into one's being from the outside, it is reached after by aspirations from within, and one's nature is better controlled than it could be in the old way.

Edward Carpenter says:

In fact, as man actually forms a part of society externally, so he comes to know and feel himself a part of society thru his inner nature. Gradually, and in the laps of ages, thru the development of his sympathetic relations with his fellows, the individual man enters into a wider and wider circle of life—the joys and sorrows, the experience, of his fellows become his own experience—he passes into a life which is larger than his own individual life—forces flow in upon him which determine his actions, not for results which return to him directly, but for results which can only return to him indirectly and thru others; at last the ground of humanity, as it were, reveals itself within him, the region of human equality—and his actions come to flow directly from the very same source which regulates and inspires the whole movement of society. At this point the problem is solved. The growth has taken place from within; it is not in the nature of an external compulsion, but of an inward compunction. By actual consciousness the man has taken on an ever enlarging life, and at last the life of humanity, which has no fixed form, no ever valid code; but is itself the true life, surpassing definition, yet inspiring all actions and passions, all codes and forms, and determining at last their place.

It is the gradual growth of this supreme life in each individual which is the great and indeed the only hope of Society—it is that for which Society exists; a life which so far from dwarfing individuality, enhances immensely its power, causing the individual to move with the weight of the universe behind him—and exalting what were once his little peculiarities and defects into the splendid manifestations of his humanity.

It is this ultimatum that our martyred brothers had as an ideal, whatsoever may have been their theories and ideas of method. And this ideal will be brought into actual existence, thru the experiences, deeds, thoughts, works of all people showing forth thru all things as well or better than we, who cherish the ideal, could do by working as a distinct body, alone and apart from the rest of humanity. But let us pause with the recurrence of this anniversary in every succeeding year, to give a tribute to our martyred brothers, and to recall their work and their principles for the good of humanity, in an appropriate manner, until their purpose is an accomplished fact and their names honored and loved as they should and will be in the rolling on of time.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

La Veta, Colo.

Massacre of May 3, 1886.

The seventeenth anniversary of the martyrdom of the noble Parsons, Spies, Ling, Fischer, and Engel, to the cause of human progress and freedom, revives vividly in my memory the ghastly scenes of slaughter and bloodshed I witnessed near the McCormick reaper works of Chicago on May 3, 1886, which gave occasion for the memorable Haymarket meeting the following evening.

The mighty hords of discontented labor, swaying under the weight of economic oppression had entered upon a struggle for an amelioration of their miserable condition. The great eight-hour movement that had so long been agitated, had now culminated in a gigantic strike. Men marvelled at the enormity and spontaneity of the effort. Forty thousand toilers, embracing all branches of trade, had laid down their tools. Most of the large facto-

ries had been deserted by the industrial bees whose lot—so the preachers and lawyers had said—was to toil and be contented. But all such "learned" advice had been cast to the four winds; and labor, awakening to a higher sense of freedom and human rights and goaded by the weight of a constantly increasing pressure of toil for an ever decreasing remuneration, began to feel its influence as a factor in the industrial sphere gradually but surely dwindling. The toiler saw the magnificent palaces of his haughty masters increasing in number, and had contrasted their luxurious splendor with his own grimy, unhealthy hovel. Everywhere was to be seen painful evidences of his ultimate degradation to the position of a mere chattel, did he not take steps to stem the tide of a cruel, relentless commercialism, alone responsible for his wanton miseries. But what was to be done? The eight-hour movement offered the only ray of hope for an immediate improvement. It gave opportunity for a united outburst of discontent that had been accumulating since the close of the civil war, from which time the oppressing and dominating power of concentrated capital really dates.

The outbursts of 1877, crushed by the allied forces of city, state, and national governments at the behest of the capitalistic combines—whose plunderings to protect governments are alone maintained—had not been forgotten. But its lessons had not been heeded, and the workers as a result were poorly equipped to meet their economic masters on '86, and with even a less chance in '77; for during the interval the capitalists had taken opportunity to strengthen their position by passing oppressive laws, in creasing the army and militia and instructing them in a special riot drill that they might more easily and effectively mow down the vicious mob of wage-slaves who dared rebel against the will of their masters. While the workers, ever careless of their own interests, had taken no measures to defend themselves, when attacked by those hired minions, altho they should have known that gatlings and rifles would be used as soon as the strike would show signs of success, and that such attack would be made under the guise of the maintenance of "law and order," a delusive catch-phrase, which rightly interpreted means for the workers that they shall quietly submit to be plundered of their products, else force will be used.

The McCormick company, one of the large employers in the vicinity, succeeded in inducing a number of the unemployed to take the places of the strikers. To the hungry men whose loved ones at home were in dire need, the crime of "scabbing" seemed light. The highly communistic sense of duty to provide for those dependent upon them made the idle workers an easy prey to the capitalistic plunderers, who used them to crush the hopes of their fellows and plunge all labor deeper into the mire of modern wage-slavery.

On the afternoon of May 3, groups of strikers were congregated in the open space fronting the reaper works, discussing the various phases of the eight-hour movement, when some small boys started throwing stones over the high fence surrounding the buildings. Soon the throwing became general and a fusillade of brickbats were hurled thru the office windows, causing the wildest confusion among its occupants, who immediately telephoned to the police

station near-by, that a mob of ten thousand had attacked the works and were about to burn it down, which was a lie both as regards the size as well as the intentions of the crowd. Not more than three hundred were in the vicinity when the throwing began, and when the windows were broken the "mob" manifested no desire to do further injury to the "property" of their former employer. Indeed they were showing signs of retiring from the scene when several patrol wagons loaded with police came thundering down Blue Island avenue, not stopping until they reached the big gate, where with drawn revolvers the "coppers" arrayed themselves in line of battle. The "mob" had now increased to about a thousand, a large number of which were women and children. Painfully realizing that the "law" was on the side of McCormick and the scabs, the workers began to manifest some uneasiness. The police made a few faint attempts to drive the crowd away, evidently waiting for re-enforcement, which soon arrived to about a hundred, making two hundred or thereabouts in all. Why the first detachment of police did not disperse the strikers, which they could have easily done, and that without the aid of firearms, for the angry throng offered no resistance excepting their yells and a few stones, was not clear to me then. But afterwards it became plainly evident that the capitalistic hirelings had but one purpose in view: that of making a terrible example of those misguided creatures who had so foolishly declared war against their masters without having first provided themselves with a means of defense. For a strike is war, and the sooner the workers realize that fact and proceed to act in accordance with it, the sooner will they have achieved their emancipation.

Immediately upon the arrival of re-enforcement the police opened a desperate fire into the surging mass of human beings: men, women, and children alike becoming targets for the cruel piercing bullets of these inhuman brutes, whose humanity had been destroyed by their blind obedience to the authority of "superiors" and a fanatical reverence for legislative enactments.

This unwanton attack was almost entirely unexpected by the assembled throng. Who but a fiend would have thought that two hundred trained marksmen would ruthlessly slaughter a mass of defenseless beings whose only crime was the breaking of a few panes of glass? Ah, but they had done something more, which the statute had not yet declared a crime but which was nevertheless the worst of all crimes in the eyes of the rulers; for they had signified the intention to take themselves a hand in the conduct of their own affairs. The eight-hour movement was but a step; where might it lead to if successful? Would the next step be six, then four, and finally complete emancipation? That was the spectre that haunted the McCormicks, Armours, et al, at that critical time, and forced them in their cowardice to urge their tools—the police—to massacre the workers as a bloody example of the power of capitalism and its determination to deal mercilessly with all who dare oppose it.

Repeated volleys were discharged into the fleeing mass. It is beyond the power of my pen to describe the terrible scenes that followed. The shrieks of frightened women, the screams of children, the moans of the wounded and

dying, the frenzied roars of maddened and hounded men, as they carried their dead and wounded comrades off the bloody field, vent the air with a terrible, revolting hideousness, the very contemplation of which causes the very fiber of my being to quiver.

Many of the poor fellows that were "winged" fell into the hands of the police, who with a sickening indifference to their own heinous crimes against every sense of human feeling, and strictly in compliance with statute law, dragged their bleeding prisoners off to jail. The total number of deaths resulting from this most dastardly and fiendish massacre will never be known. Seven were killed outright, and more than three times that many wounded, some fatally. None of the police were hurt, which shows the utter defenselessness of the "mob."

Thus the first day's work for the suppression of the eight-hour movement had resulted in a complete and glorious victory for the friends of "law and order."

JAY FOX.

Deeding Eternity.

An ex-reverend, who is getting some sense into his head, asks, "What right have people to deed the earth to their heirs and assigns forever? What right has a mortal to deed eternity to other mortals?"

Not very long since I had a very forcible illustration of the power that land-ownership has over the products of labor. I was stopping in a town of less than 20,000 inhabitants, and when we compare rates in such a place with those of a city of half a million, we may well stand appalled. Stepping into a little fruit store to make a small purchase, I found it occupied by a cripple, who had to wait upon his customers leaning upon a crutch. Being the only customer at the time, I manifested my sympathy by talking to him, while he waited upon me. Among other things, I asked: "How much rent do you pay for this little place?"

The reply was: "I own the building, but pay \$5 a month ground rent." "Five dollars a month, \$60 a year," was my thought, and I continued: "How much ground have you?"

"Let me see: there is ten feet back of this, and the little room at the side is ten feet wide—25 by 28 feet."

"Five dollars a year for that much ground!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is all I can do to support myself and wife." They are an aged couple.

I took my grapes and started home, thinking fast, if not loud, all the way. I made a computation, and found that it would take a fraction over sixty such pieces to make an acre, and that, at the same rate, would give the legal owner \$3,600. Now let us suppose that streets and alleys leave but forty-six such plots, and all paid for at the same rate. Forty-six men working year in and year out to get a bare living, while the man who controls that acre can remain idle and have an income of nearly \$3,000, and yet President Jordan, of Stanford University, California, says: "The country cannot get rid of the millionaire nor the pauper."

And why should the country get rid of its own manufacture? When a government deeds to one man and his heirs "forever and ever" all the land his money will pay for, it has sown the seed for both millionaires and tramps, and so long as it continues to sow that kind of seed, how can it expect other than such harvest?

Talk of liquor selling! It is but the mote; usury is the beam. Buying and selling the heritage of the people, holding it for use, usury, gain thru the toil of others—there is no crime that can be compared with it! It is slaveholding, robbery, prostitution, rape, drunkenness, murder, arson—all these crimes are committed because of it. And yet those who commit such crimes do not realize what it is that drives them to it, and those who so drive them do realize what they are doing. The subtle, serpentine winding of the system hides its springs of action.

Once I condemned the Southern slaveholder, but not now. It was born in him, and then he was educated in that way of doing; and while church members, ministers, and the philanthropists of the North hurled their thunderbolts at him, they forgot that they were common participants in the crime which the book they claimed to hold as authoritative condemned more entirely than it did slaveholding. In fact, that book does not condemn slaveholding at all; it only points out who may be made slaves and who may not be.

We of the North glory in what we have done, and are puffed up in our self-righteousness, but our righteousness is as filthy as rags, and very filthy at that. There never can be freedom for the sons and daughters of toil so long as the land is bought and sold or held for other than personal use. But, why do I talk of this? All thinking people know it to be true. Then why is not the land freed—the law that permits such holding abolished? Why continue to hold on to this summing up of all wrong?

Listen, all ye people! It is government that prevents the wiping out of this great wrong. Government will send its paid murderers to protect the land-monopolist against the rightful owners of the land, the people. Government protects property at the risk of the lives of the people. Men, women, and children may starve, but property-rights (wrongs) must be defended. And yet people are so blind and continue to talk of the need of government to protect them. They do not realize that they protect the government. Government enslaves us and then punishes us, if we cry out against its usurpations.

And what is the cause of all this accursed stupidity? Yes, what is the cause thereof? The personal God-idea—the idea that a supreme being of infinite power but who is unseen, has the right to rule over us, and that governments are of his appointment. The idea of the divine right of kings has been changed to that of the divine right of governments, and those who speak against kings and governments are looked upon as rebels, and what they say is counted treason. When people come to understand that there is no personality, no organized power anywhere, that has the moral right to rule them, "for his own good pleasure," then governments will crumble.

LOIS WATSBROOKER.

For Philadelphia.

A memorial meeting of the Eleventh of November tragedy in Chicago, 1887, takes place Sunday, Nov. 13, 8 p. m., in Industrial Hall, Broad & Vine Sts. Lucy E. Parsons, James F. Morton, Jr., and Geo. Brown will address the audience.

Marriage and Divorce.

Bishop Seymour's verbiage in a recent Sunday *Examiner*, thanking Hearst for his "Symposium on Marriage and Divorce," is as amusing as it is illogical, and as sad as it is hypocritical. In the first place, the Bishop's friend Willie did not take out a license for his loves, until he conceived the idea of boasting and boasting himself as fit for president. Mrs. Grundy controls lots of votes, you know.

The Right! Reverend! Lord! Bishop! Seymour says: "Our Blessed Lord's fiat, the Supreme Lawgiver, is entirely ignored," referring to divorce, and the Church God, so the Bishop, and the very arch Bishops tell us, is Almighty, and he—He—cannot stop that which the Bishops are attempting to stop, so, of course they consider themselves more mighty than the All Mighty and intend trying to make those who detest each other, live together, and prevent those who love each other from coming together. Dampfoolishness! Jesus was born without a license, at least so the parsons tell us, and, of course, they know.

In the name of *Love*, the greatest power in the universe, what *right* has a parson, thru the state, to poke his nose and tongue into any love-making of others. If any more laws are necessary as to marriage and divorce, it is to stop parson's fees for the one and lawyer's fees for the other. Keep close to nature and be happy; break natural law and pay the penalty. One cannot dodge that, as the Churches do their taxes and let the other fellows pay them, which is the *christian* maxim.

Th Bishop also says: "The minister of the gospel, I maintain, *ought* to be a protector of child-life in its innocence and purity." The *ought* here unfortunately stands for *naught*; for, sad to say, the last census shows 1,750,178 children employed by exploiters of Labor, and this is because the church upholds the sale of land, and *USURY*, and considers the command, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" as perfectly preposterous for parsons, and so others follow their wicked example. They tell their *sheep* that "God is Love," and the way of salvation is so plain that "a wayfaring man, tho a fool, cannot err therein." Love cannot be taught, and a special deceptive theological training is unnecessary to guide "even a fool." For what then do the parsons receive their pay? The *arch* bishop of Cant, who attended the convention, from England, has \$75,000 a year and two palaces. Oh, the poor carpenter and fishermen!

Science proves, but asserts nothing; theology asserts, but proves nothing.

KINGHORN-JONES.

"It is childish, indeed," says the Chicago *Arbeiter Zeitung*. "All the federal officials of the United States seem to be old maids of the kind that in all due modesty cover the cage of their canary-bird before they undress themselves at night. Professor Malchow of the Hamlin Medical College wrote a book on the sexual life of man and sent it thru the mails. The district attorney considers it an indecent book, and a stupid judge punishes the professor for having mailed a scientific book. Why not prohibit the teaching of medical science altogether? Why not prohibit all the books treating the anatomy of the human body? The demeanor of our guardians of morality is simply disgusting. To the pure everything is pure, says an old adage; but, Nietzsche adds: To the swine everything is swinish."

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490.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—*Century Dictionary*.

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For St. Louis.

Sunday, November 20, 2 p. m., Comrade Most will lecture on "Anarchism: Its Aims and Principles" in National Hall, 1022 Franklin Ave. Admission free.

New York, Attention!

A concert and mass-meeting will be held at 8 p. m., Nov. 17, in Grand Irving Palace, 214 Broome St., by the "Licht und Wahrheit Circle" for the purpose of raising a fund for a "Free-thinkers' Home." The initiators are liberal Jews who wish to establish a meeting-place where radicals of all schools can have a free platform to discuss religious and social subjects, and invite any speaker they please, without being interfered with by the police. It is hoped that all radicals will help to make the undertaking a success. More about the enterprise can be learned by addressing Marcus Hershcowitz, care of N. Hillel, 219 E. Fifth St., New York.

The gift of speech is often given to those who have nothing to say. — B. G. RICHARDS.

Wounded vanity never dies. — B. G. RICHARDS.

Misery loves company and company often supplies the misery. — B. G. RICHARDS.

FREE SOCIETY.

By the Wayside.

In Argentine, South America, the farm-workers are preparing for a general strike in order to achieve an eight-hour day for all farm hands. In view of these preparations the government is hurrying to enact laws in favor of labor, but the toilers pay little attention to such endeavors, knowing very well that no palliative measures will improve their condition.

* * *

Our dailies, which never forget to inform their readers when Kaiser Wilhelm sneezes and King Edward coughs, or how gracefully Miss Astor stepped out of her carriage, have not found it worth their while to report the proceedings of the congress of the Educational League held in France recently. The League denounced the methods of governmental school education which imbue the child with the importance of war-heroes, religion, and patriotism, instead of trying to impress upon the mind of the child that the beneficent factors in the elevation of mankind are the pursuits of science and the fraternal feelings of the human race. The League urged that no child should be taught a morality dependent on religious or metaphysical doctrines; that morality should have reason and science for its basis; that its aspirations are the development of individual freedom and the realization of justice; that its aims are purely human, namely, to establish fraternal relations among peoples; that the school should lay greater stress on the endeavors of mankind to free itself from all tyranny and on the biographies of freedom's heralds, than on the history of bloody battlefields and war-heroes; and last, but not least, that the ideas of peace and fraternity be cultivated, rather than the sentiment of war and hatred.

* * *

For the purpose of reciprocal information and understanding regarding the educational propaganda, the demands of labor, and the successfulness of the applied means during strikes in the different countries, the Third International Conference of the Trades Union Secretaries was held in Dublin, Ireland, in July, 1903. The delegates of France submitted a detailed report on the general strike, the propaganda of anti-militarism, and the success thereby achieved, and it now crops out that this report has been omitted by the German delegation in the proceedings of the congress, as published for their constituents. They evidently imagined they could stem the current of progress and revolutionary thought by way of silence. But just the reverse has been accomplished. The indignation among the trades-unions in Germany has been aroused, and the report is now being distributed and discussed all over the country, and there is no doubt but what the belief in political action and parliamentarism will be shaken considerably.

* * *

"We are not engaged in a political struggle, and hence require no political methods," says the socialistic alderman of Berlin, R. Friedberg, in his pamphlet "Parliamentarism and the General Strike." Ours is an economical, a psychological struggle. Parliamentarism, as the originator of laws, is an insoluble contradiction to our ultimate aim—the free Individual, i. e., the liberation of mankind from all external bonds. The aspiration for the capture and control of the government machinery, for the ac-

quisition of political power, of necessity presupposes continuance of domination. Thus our striving after economical freedom, in the absence of the absolutely free and untrammelled individuality becomes an insipid utopia."

"These are purely anarchistic ideas," observes the prominent theoretician of the German Social Democracy, Karl Kautsky, in one of his discourses in the *Neue Zeit*, "as even Friedberg himself declares that the social-democratic ideal ought to be broadened by the anarchistic ideal." We fully concur with Kautsky. "These are anarchistic ideas," hence we express ourselves as fully in accord with the conclusion of the social-democratic alderman of Berlin.—*Chicagoer Arbeiter Zeitung*.

* * *

At a "smoker" in Chicago, a few weeks since, Ethelbert Stewart was called on by a body of employers and their attorneys, in order to solicit his opinion on the make-up and conduct of trades unions. He said, among other things:

The "rabble" will learn how to use or abuse power as he sees it used or abused. The teamsters in the Chicago Teamsters Union are the same teamsters who have been in the business here for years, abused, mistreated, under-paid, over-worked, treated like dogs by their employers, the police, the street car companies, and the public. They were not a "high-handed lot of brigands," else why did the respectable gentlemen employ them?

The unions unionize the men they find in the industry of the occupation.

Mitchell unionizes the men he finds in the mines; the coal operators, not Mitchell, dictate the membership of the Miners' Union and fix its character by the character of the men they hire. The waiters in Chicago are represented as "the very settlins' of hell" when they became unionized; they were the same waiters the restaurants and hotels have been employing for years. Jere Sullivan never selected one of them. But you say that they are all right till they get the power that unionism gives them. The ignorant imitate; they use power as they see it used; abuse it as they see it abused.

If you who claim to be wise, learned, and respectable want to see power used wisely by the rabble, set one, just one, but for God's sake, set one example. Besides, since it is you, the employers, who dictate the membership of trades unions by your selection of employees, had you not better give a thought to that when you employ? The unions have no connection with steamship companies, no entangling alliances with Ellis Island or New York padrones; no trade union leaders since time began ever sent word to a saloon-keeping employment agency to "ship us four hundred members to join our local today." But employers get this shipment installed in an industry, and when it becomes essential to organize this industry all those fellows you had shipped in cattle cars must in the very nature of things be taken into the union, because you have got them in the industry. The union has no chance in this matter; it simply must.

Now, if your employers, your industry, is to be unionized, and the character of that union membership is ultimately dictated by you as employers, ought you not have a little thought for the future in this matter of employment?

You are building this Frankenstein yourselves, gentlemen. You are constructing it bone and blood and blood and flesh tissue. The union gives it life, and that the American workingman must do to prevent it from killing him.

From these remarks it can be seen that Mr. Stewart pleased the employers much less than some of our radical friends, who are so very prone to shift all the blame for the tyrannical methods employed by the trades-unions on its members. He realizes that the struggle between capital and labor is a matter of "to be or not to be," and that the toilers are compelled to resort to violence as a matter of self-defense.

INTERLOPER.

Election Day.

At last election day dawns upon the land of the faithful followers of Ballot * (it is Tuesday early in the morning that these lines are written), and it finds its true worshippers eagerly awaiting the rising of the sun in order to be able to hurry to the shrine of their Almighty Ballot and perform the last sacred rite by casting a peace of paper with a cross (a survival of the sacred emblem of their former old christian faith) upon it, which, according to the popular superstition, seals the fate of the faithful for the next four years. Having performed this sacred duty, they retire to their homes or saloons (habitual meeting places, of the oracles), and with a throbbing heart and thrill of hope impatiently await the end of the day, after which the millennium is to follow, which will be announced by the arrival of the Messiahs, the selected ones of god Ballot. These last ones with a greater anxiety than the rest of the people tarry for finish of this sacred day, altho their motives are altogether different from those of the rest of the people that prompt their impatient longing for the midnight hour, the time when all sacred-superstitious events take place, when the final decision of the Almighty Ballot will come, as to who is to be the head or president of this hord of Messiahs, who are to bring upon mankind the age of happiness; and the good news will soon be proclaimed with the shouts of thousands of trumpets, blown by the jubilant people, who so fittingly celebrate their entering upon a new era; and will be silent again for the next four years.

Reflecting thus upon the Day of Judgment, I was carried away by the recollection of all that preceded this election of a "national head," the "chief of the nation." Only a few days and weeks ago it was lively everywhere; on every street corner one could find crowds of people listening to the chewing of the old cud (excuse my slang) over and over again by their shrewd politicians, who shamefully and without fear tell to the masses all that "politicians" are in reality, but attributing, of course, all their laudible and admirable qualities, which anybody cannot do without in order to be a politician, to the comrades of their opponents and therefore the air was full of words such as knave, robber, scoundrel, sold soul, corrupt conscience (I doubt if a politician ever possessed the last two after entering into politics, and hence do not understand what there was to sell or make corrupt, but of course that is mere political phraseology intended to humbug the people by it, as the utterances of other empty words, employed to lull the awakening mind of the working people), exploiter, liar, boodler, etc., a whole dictionary of pithy epithets of politicians and technical terms of the science of American politics, hurled from the Democrats on to the Republicans and vice versa. From the camp of the Social Democrats on both of these parties flows a turbulent stream of similar expressions, altho implying disgust for the shamelessness of the two mentioned parties, while they in their turn conduct the national campaign in the same way, when the Socialist Labor party is at stake; and the S. L. P. was not behind any of the other parties and kept up with the progress of politics, responding in the same savage and indecent manner by vomiting a volcano of vile expressions and surnames such as, Kangaroo, skunk,

etc. And so you can see it was a hot time, and in a few hours more, all disputes, as to who is honest or not, will be settled by the blind justice, the ballot box. Then all apparent opponents elected will join hands in making the best of the time. Robbing and plundering the people will be their sacred aim and ideal for the next four years, during which time they will keep up the good work in the greatest harmony, because they know better than the workmen, that mutual aid or unity means success. And so, as I said, in a few more hours the political sham-volcano will cease its activity, only to resume again its eruption after four years have elapsed, and the humble slaves will go back, after having performed their sacred duty of voting, to their old life of toil and hunger and perhaps on worse conditions than before. Then again the old bluffs of their mutual friends, the politicians, and their shameless hypocrisy, until the workmen, the producers, will awake to the full consciousness of the fact that politics and government during all ages never did bring any benefit upon the society that indulged in it, and that it always has been, wherever found, instituted for the benefit and protection of the few robbers and for the purpose of keeping the greatest part of the people in ignorance by sweet delusions and constant change of its name, not its essence. If there were a few for whom this policy did not prove effective enough the government always resorted to violence; and from time immemorial the majority of the people was always willing to be humbugged. The few discontented, the thinkers, and hence kickers, the government always has tried, no matter what fictitious name and mask it assumed, to put down by brutal force, tho always in vain. Ideas are not conquered by force, but by reason, and this the government will never learn. . . .

Oh, when will the workmen awake to this fact!

JULIUS EDELSON.

The Anarchist Convention of 1893.

The Anarchist convention which was to have been held in St. Louis on the fifth of this month, and which, it seems, was attended only by St. Louis comrades, brings to mind a similar but more successful attempt in Chicago in September 1893. Early in the summer of that year it was decided by some of the active Anarchists in Chicago to issue a call for a conference, and accordingly a committee was formed, of which I was appointed corresponding secretary, and the following call was sent to most of the prominent Anarchists of America and Europe:

To the Anarchists of the World, Greeting:

Many of us have been convinced that the time has come to assemble together in conference for the purpose of collectively proclaiming to the world the great principle of human liberty; to devise means whereby we may be able to demonstrate the faith that is within us; to suggest plans for strengthening our movement; to compare our views by discussions of sociological theories; to meet new faces and renew old friendships; and to cement if possible the fraternal ties which bind together in loving accord all those who are struggling to achieve an era of free men and women.

Here we daily have notable gatherings of patriots, reformers, religionists, and specialists of every shade of opinion and belief; here also has recently been erected a monument commemorative of labor's murdered martyrs.

You are therefore invited to an International Conference of Anarchists in Chicago on Saturday morning, September 16, 1893, and to convene from day-to-

day until such business as may be brought before us is completed.

Comrades, let your watchword be Liberty, and thru Anarchy the solidarity of the human race.

Preparations for the conference were conducted quietly, and without informing the general public thru the newspapers, partly because at that time meetings of Anarchists were strictly prohibited in Chicago, and partly for the reason that it was deemed best that the report of the conference should first be given to the radical press and the capitalistic papers be compelled to get their information from our journals. A few weeks before the date fixed for holding the Conference, however, the news leaked out; the New York Sun of August 21 printed the call in full, and the Chicago Inter-Ocean sounded the alarm of renewed Anarchist activity in Chicago. The authorities became alarmed, and several of the brightest sleuths on the city detective force were detailed to look the matter up. We had already engaged a hall on the west side of the city, where it was our intention to hold the conference, but the police visited the proprietor of the hall, and the poor man felt compelled by strong pressure to violate his agreement with us. I was interviewed personally by the chief of police Brennan, who informed me very positively that under no circumstances would the conference be permitted; that the mayor (Carter H. Harrison, Sr. was then mayor of Chicago) had issued strict orders to that effect, and the chief did me the honor to say that he would hold me personally responsible if these orders were disobeyed. Under these circumstances our committee met, and decided first that the conference would be held, fixing the date two weeks later than that already stated, so that comrades from a distance would have plenty of time to make the journey; second, that the utmost secrecy should thereafter be maintained until after the conference adjourned, that the secretary should then prepare a suitable report of the proceedings and send it to the leading radical journals of America and Europe, and that under no circumstances should a word be given out concerning the conference by anyone else. An invitation was received from Honore J. Jaxon to hold the conference in his room in the Times building, and as this was centrally located and in every particular a suitable place for holding the meetings the invitation was accepted. The building was owned and occupied by Mayor Harrison, and it was there that his newspaper, the Chicago Times, was daily printed and published. Comrade Jaxon, who is partly of Indian blood, had fitted up his room very elaborately to represent an Indian tepee, and it was in that room, amid the semi-barbarous appointments that Jaxon delighted in, that many of the remarkable schemes of that remarkable man were conceived and elaborated. Meantime those comrades at a distance who had already signified their intention to be present at the conference were notified to report to me at my office immediately upon arriving in the city.

On Saturday, September 30, the conference was opened without a chairman, the secretary merely reading the call and announcing the program which had been agreed upon. Twenty-five persons were present at the opening meeting. Eight different nationalities were represented, and seven of these were distributed among the visiting comrades, of whom there were nine in all. Two other comrades came to the city with

the intention of attending the conference, but when informed of the circumstances under which it would be held, found convenient excuses to remain away. The conference lasted eight days, and three sessions were held each day. Letters of sympathy were read from groups in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen, from Paris (including valuable suggestions from A. Hamon and Bernard Lazare) from London, including a few warm words of sympathy from our good Louise Michel, from Comrades Domela Nieuwenhuis (Amsterdam) Merlino, Malato, Malatesta, Victor Drury, W. C. Owen, C. L. James, G. C. Clemens, Lois Waisbrocker, and from the editors of *Freedom*, *Solidarity*, *Commonweal*, *The Alarm* and the *Populist Voice*; also an interesting statement of the condition of the working classes and the Anarchist movement in Spain.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were occupied in discussing suggestions of several comrades, and in reading, discussing, and amending the manifesto or declaration of Anarchist principles which had been prepared by the Chicago comrades. This debate was exceedingly interesting, and in view of the fact that all shades of Anarchist philosophy were represented, from the extreme Individualist to the ultra radical Anarchist-Communist, every individual contending with all his and her might for principles which were as dear to them as life, it is wonderful that an agreement could be amicably reached and a declaration agreed upon that was satisfactory to all. Want of space will not now permit the reproduction of that manifesto, but it was printed in full at the time by many radical journals of this country, Great Britain, and the countries of Europe.

Two days, October 4 and 5, were devoted to the discussion of tactics, and resolutions were passed to the effect that inasmuch as all methods of production, distribution, and exchange were in the hands of a privileged class, the workers of the world, who have neither wealth nor influence, should not be held responsible for or made to suffer because of panics, industrial depressions, etc., and urging the homeless and hungry to follow the advice of Cardinal Manning and take food within their reach. Resolutions favoring the general strike and urging comrades everywhere to form propaganda centers were also adopted. The Anarchist press was considered, and various methods suggested for increasing its efficiency and influence.

Regarding the proper attitude of Anarchists toward other schools of reform, the following resolution received the unanimous endorsement of those present at the meeting on Friday evening, October 6, after a brief discussion:

RESOLVED, that it is the sense of this conference that the solidarity of the disinherited, regardless of sex, creed, color, race or occupation, is the main object to be striven for; that even in the present necessary work of criticism all shades of the labor movement can and should amicably unite their forces and that as regards the constructive work of the future, the greatest tolerance should be extended toward differences of opinion, since the form of future society will be in any event largely determined by circumstances over which we have no control. The abuse too often showered by radicals upon others who differ from them is a most regrettable survival of that spirit of intolerance which in earlier days exhibited itself thru the stake and the gallows, and exists at this moment in a hundred hideous forms.

Matters of scarcely less moment were also considered by the conference, and the last day

was devoted to a recapitulation of the important subjects brought up during the week. A good deal of time was necessarily consumed in interpreting addresses, resolutions, etc., some of the comrades of foreign birth being able to speak and understand only their own tongues.

The conference was concluded by a general meeting on October 8, on the west side, to which members of labor organizations and sympathisers were invited. Speeches were made in the Spanish, Polish, Russian, German, and Yiddish languages, as well as by English, Irish, and American delegates. A letter received from comrade Louise Michel was read by the secretary, and received with great enthusiasm. Resolutions of respect to the memory of Comrade Dyer D. Lum were warmly endorsed. The meeting was a complete success.

Thru the treachery of one of the comrades, who probably needed the few paltry dollars he received for his "story," the capitalistic press of Chicago and New York were informed of the fact that a conference had been held in the *Times* building, under the very nose of the mayor of Chicago and scarcely a stone's throw from the city police headquarters. This caused a tremendous sensation. Columns of editorial and news space were devoted by the city dailies to "reports," interviews, and comments. It was amusing to read the guesses of the wisecracks as to who were and who were not at the Conference, and as to the plots hatched against "society," and the tactics agreed upon for the regeneration of mankind. One paper declared that we had agreed to abandon the dynamite propaganda and try fire and other destructive agencies. In the words of this vile sheet: "It was decided that bomb throwing should be abandoned, and fire as an agent of destruction substituted. The plan most in favor with the representatives from Paris and New York was to cut the fire alarm, telegraph, and telephone wires, then by concerted action set fire to buildings in all parts of a city, and by paralyzing the fire service and demoralizing the police force, terrorize several great communities at the same time."

Of course the mayor and the police officials were severely censured for their lack of diligence and carelessness in allowing a prohibited meeting to be held under their very noses, and many were the sarcastic flings at those redoubtable guardians of the public peace. "Those to whom this information came today," comments the New York correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*, "are laughing in their sleeves at the spectacle presented in Chicago. A meeting forbidden by the mayor and chief of police is held in the building occupied by the mayor of the city."

The newspapers in Chicago were wild with anxiety to know what had been done at the conference and the names of persons in attendance, and for several days comrades were interviewed and questioned by smart reporters, but the contradictory stories published did not seem to indicate that much reliable information had been given. In fact the program agreed upon, with the single exception of the treachery of a comrade as above stated, was carried out to the letter. The first authentic report of the conference was finally published in the radical journals of this country and Europe. A significant editorial on "The Late Anarchist Conference" appeared in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* on October

22, from which I quote a few sentences, for it showed that even the capitalist press realized that radicals are not the brainless chumps that they have at times declared them to be.

Mr. James and Chief Brennan are both positive that Prince Kropotkin was not at the meetings. Did either one of them even think that it was possible for the prince to be in attendance at the entire series of meetings and neither of them know it? It was possible, even probable. The meetings held at Mr. Jaxon's room were not those of an ordinary debating society. They were serious affairs of men who believe they are working on plans to change the political and social condition of society for the benefit of the oppressed of the world. Matters which seem idle folly to others are to them most important matters of statecraft. Prince Kropotkin is a leader among these people, and such people do not always care to let their right hands know the work their left hands are engaged in. . . . If Chief Brennan will wake up some members of his secret force perhaps they will learn that when they deal with such people as met in Mr. Jaxon's room they are not dealing with children nor with men who carry their hearts on their sleeves. . . . It is quite mortifying that so important a gathering should have taken place in Chicago and we not find it out until it was entirely over; but it seems especially strange that such meeting should have been held in the building in which the mayor's newspaper is printed without anybody connected with that concern knowing anything about it. . . . It was doubtless one of the most important Anarchist gatherings ever held in Chicago.

Whatever influence upon the movement this Conference may have had, whatever of good, if any, it may have accomplished, however it may have been viewed by friend or foe, it at least demonstrates that earnest, honest workers in a common cause, even tho differing widely in their advocacy of methods, can accomplish definite results without bitterness, and without anger. Those who took part in this conference felt the satisfaction of a conscientious performance, in a spirit of toleration and kindness toward their opponents, of such labors as seemed to them necessary.

—WILLIAM HOLMES.

Anarchist Poetry and Ethics.

In a recent number of *FREE SOCIETY* C. L. James replied to some strictures indulged in by the editor of the *New York Evening Post*, strictures upon Kropotkin's views of ethics and ethical sanctions. The editor of the *Post* had said among other things that, "Kropotkin turns over eloquently but vaguely the work of ethical propaganda to 'poets,'" and expressed himself as being dissatisfied with Kropotkin accordingly. C. L. James retorted sarcastically, saying, "Our critic has been sifting Kropotkin's wheat and taking the chaff for his reward when he detects one sentence to prove that Kropotkin relies for propaganda upon 'poets.' Kropotkin perfectly knows that the poets—who are prophets—save many individual souls, one invention like that of illuminating-gas does more to moralize society than all the gas which has been set to music since David's harp of solemn sound." (Italics mine.)

The criticism of the *Post* and the rejoinder by James both were outcomes of an unusually striking and thoughtful article by Kropotkin, contributed to the August number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. With the *Post's* criticism I do not here concern myself, but to the rejoinder to that criticism by C. L. James I emphatically demur; my demurer covering both what is said as to what "Kropotkin per-

fectly knows" and the James view of poetry in general as a means of ethical propaganda.

What then, firstly, is the Kropotkin view, as expressed in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, respecting the place of poets and poetry in ethical propaganda? Early in his article Kropotkin says of ethical science:

"That such a science is possible lies beyond any reasonable doubt. If the study of nature has yielded the elements of a philosophy which embraces the life of the cosmos, the evolution of the living beings, the laws of psychological activity, and the development of society, it must also be able to give us the rational origin and the sources of the moral feelings. And it must be able to indicate and to reinforce the agencies which contribute toward the gradual rising of these feelings to an always greater height and purity, without resorting for that purpose to blind faith or to religious coercion. If a closer acquaintance with nature was able to infuse into the minds of the greatest naturalists and poets of the nineteenth century that lofty inspiration which they found in the contemplation of the universe, if a look into nature's breast made Goethe live only the more intensely in the face of the raging storm, the calm mountains, the dark forest and its inhabitants—why should not a widened knowledge of man and his destinies be able to inspire the poet in the same way? And when the poet has found the proper expression for his sense of communion with the cosmos and his unity with his fellow men, he becomes capable of inspiring thousands of men with the highest enthusiasm. He makes them feel better and wakens the desire of being better still. He produces in them those very ecstasies which were formerly considered as belonging exclusively to the province of religion. What are, indeed, the Psalms, which are described as the highest expression of religious feeling, or the more poetical portions of the sacred books of the East, but attempts to express man's ecstasy at the contemplation of the universe—the first awakening of his sense of the poetry of nature."

The article from which the above is an extract is entitled "The Ethical Need of the Present Day," and in it Kropotkin labors to meet the objection, which is made to all ethical systems alike; that, whereas science may search out and make clear to us the source and development of moral ideas, and may explain to us why we ought to be righteous, it fails to rouse in us moral feeling enough to insure any accelerated degree of moral action. Admitting the justice of this stricture in so far as it affects the ethical system of old and new philosophers, among whom he makes stand Kant, Bentham, Mill, Comte, Bain, Spencer, and other well-known founders of ethical systems, Kropotkin ventures the claim that mutual aid as a most significant fact in nature is really the source and origin of our moral sentiments, and goes on to argue that when this comes to be understood, and man no longer needs to look for the origin of moral feelings in mystery, or in the bloody encounter between animals or primitive men of one tribe, the relation of theory to conduct will be simplified and cleared up and moral progress hastened. For the rest Kropotkin looks to the influence of prophets or poets, with their supreme gifts of imagination and language, to move the general heart toward ethical fervency, depending upon them very largely for this work, as the quoted portion of his article shows.

Thus it appears that what "Kropotkin perfectly knows" (Italics mine) is not at all what C. L. James would have us think, and that the poetry of the world, which the Wisconsin man would willingly barter for the mere means to see by night, is in the judgment of the cultivated Russian a very precious possession indeed and of signal importance in the economy of society. It is a common fault of the scientific temper that it underestimates the value of poetry, as it is of the poetic temper that science is distasteful to it. Could C. L. James see his way to a synthesis of the two he could render Anarchism a service; as it is he has spoken like a thoroughgoing representative of his own dearest antipathy, "The Movement In Favor of Ignorance." I cannot help thinking that James has

not read the Kropotkin article carefully; certain it is that in his patronizing attitude toward poetry, or more properly speaking, his attitude of contemptuous toleration, he does not find, as he assumes, Kropotkin standing at his side. James "cannot soar where he is sitting now," that is clear. To him the conception of a Kropotkin, that, "When the poet has found the proper expression for his sense of communion with the cosmos and his unity with his fellow-men he becomes capable of inspiring thousands of men with the highest enthusiasm," and in consequence lends enormous aid to ethical progress, would apparently seem but "gas" which has not been "set to music." What "Kropotkin perfectly knows" is, that while we may develop an ethical science, which can successfully meet all scientific criticism, a science which makes all tolerably clear, as the ethical science of a Bentham or a Kant does not, and as the ethical science of a Spencer does not, as was shown by Huxley in his *Evolution and Ethics*, because it negates itself, what he "perfectly knows," I say, is that a first and fundamental requirement of ethics is a means whereby scientific conviction may be transmuted into feeling, or emotion, and thus become effective by dominating conduct. For, as Kropotkin indicates, tho an ethical theory may be proved beyond the reach of doubt, the matter of getting men to express the proved thing in their action is an entirely different thing from a bare demonstration, and one requiring an unusual stirring of emotion.

"Those very ecstasies which were formerly considered as belonging exclusively to the province of religion," must, according to Kropotkin, be stirred up, and for that stirring he looks to the prophets and poets who will walk hand in hand, so to speak, with the men of science, drawing from nature a new inspiration, made possible by the knowledge of the fact that mutual aid has been the chief factor in animal and human evolution. Also an ethical influence will result from the knowledge that the well being of one is bound up in general with the well being of all; but Anarchist ethics will only attract the world as the world is made or enabled to feel their essential beauty and charm thru the utterance of the prophets and poets of the world, who love liberty, and who feel, as well as know, that life may be made a harmony, whose words are order and whose music is freedom.

I have said that men of science are prone to underestimate the importance of poetry. Darwin himself confessed that he had come to be indifferent to Shakespeare, and his confession was made with pathetic memory and regret. John Stewart Mill, everyone knows, lived to struggle against the exclusive scientific temper developed in him by a cold and logical mind, that of his father; and numbers of those who were too cold to regret their lack, or who never loved poetry, could easily be recalled. Unfortunate is the man whose emotional nature is subdued and chained by his mind, for he will come to be but an imperfect thinking machine, whose calculations will ever be going awry thru his inability to know life aright, the inability of one who cannot measure and estimate the importance of emotion in life.

Fortunately, today poetry may be studied in the light of science, and the immensity of its force realized. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the American critic, has written a profound book, the best of its kind in English, "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." There is Matthew Arnold's essay, "The Study of Poetry," and Shelley, Lessing and Spencer the poet, with Hegel and various other philosophers accessible to English readers, bringing up the rear. Numberless essays throwing light upon the subject have appeared in the foremost reviews of late years, so that almost "he who runs may read." That ponderous authority of so many men of knowledge, The Encyclopedia Britannica, gives extensive consideration to poetry and the drama at the hands of Swinburne, Watts, and others.

Stedman's definition of poetry may stand here as expressing my own view "Poetry is rhythmic, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight, of the human." Other arts, music, sculpture, painting, etc., may express imagination, invention, passion, taste and insight, tho hardly thought, but what differentiates poetry from all other arts is that it is an expression thru "rhythmic, imaginative language." Obviously its use is to move. It will move one profoundly or little as the power of the poet is greater or less and as his subject is greater or less. It moves thru making the reader feel what the poet feels. (And here it is seen that Tolstoy's definition of art covers poetry.) When the poet feels that life conveys to man a beautiful lesson in the predominance of mutual aid and fellowship in nature he will by virtue of his power of expression in imaginative language move his less imaginative fellows as he is moved thru his extraordinary sensitiveness to beauty. He will take the materials which science gives him and make a song of them to thrill and exalt mankind.

The thrill, the inspiration, the exaltation of man's feelings, things which must ever be awakened and roused in the interest of any movement whatsoever, await the poet and prophet. When that poet and prophet comes in the name of a new man and a new world, his apocalyptic visions will be as the very bread of life to those whose heads and hands are already moving in the spirit of revolution. Kropotkin "well knows" that the songs and sayings of the poets and prophets of that time will be powerful moving influences thru their "rhythmic, imaginative language," influences taking the terms and proofs of a demonstration in ethics and making them into something entirely different, but working to the same desired end, poetry; a power to make truth live and glow; an engine of emotion; in the language of Kropotkin a power producing in men "those very ecstasies which were formerly considered as belonging exclusively to the province of religion."

—W. F. BARNARD.

Letter-Box.

J. C. N., *Lecomtes Mills, Pa.*—You want advice as to how you can secure freedom, and our charges? Well, FREE SOCIETY has been trying to give such advice for ten years without any extra charges. According to my humble opinion we can secure freedom only by defying and ignoring that which we consider harmful and oppressive, until government with all its concomitants passes into oblivion.

M. C., *City.*—Of course it is "exceedingly irritating to see so many typographical errors in the paper." But the editor proposes and the compositor disposes, and the latter seems to have more persistency than old Jehovah.

B. S., *Washington, D. C.*—I am well aware that discussions about the spelling of the name Jehovah are not interesting to the average reader. But there are others, and we should exercise at least as much tolerance as the old Hebrew god, who was willing to spare Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of one "good" individual. And if you had followed the discussion carefully, you would have noticed that the "wrangling" developed from an interesting statement made by Comrade James. True, Kropotkin's article on Herbert Spencer and James' "Vindication" (which latter, by the way, we intend to bring to a conclusion in FREE SOCIETY, as soon as we can bring out eight pages regularly, since there are no prospects of having the same published in book form), are of more value as you suggest. But in order that you may appreciate the task of an Anarchist editor, I will whisper into your ears that many readers have told us that James' "Vindication" was "a waste of space" and Kropotkin's essay on Spencer was "of no interest to the workers." And there is no doubt but what a paper like the *Appeal to Reason*, for instance, containing bombast, condemnations of the capitalists and pity for the workers, would prosper, but I do not believe that it advances the cause of freedom.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for FREE SOCIETY can be paid at the following addresses:

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Alfred Schneider, 230 E. Fourth St.
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FOR NEW YORK.

The Slavic Group meets at the first and third Tuesday of the month, 8 p. m., at 543 East Sixth St. Free discussions. All are invited.

New York Literary Society meets every Wednesday, 8 p. m., at 206 East Broadway. Free discussion.

Wednesday, Nov. 16—"Anarchism and the world wide Propaganda."—Lucy E. Parsons

Wednesday, Nov. 23—"Education and Reality."—Dr. Katherine Eversoff (Jewish)

Wednesday, Nov. 30—"Social Ideals."—James P. Morton.

Manhattan Liberal Club meets every Friday evening at 220 East 15th street. Admission fees to cents for man, 5 cts. for women.

Friday, Nov. 18—"The Scope of Philosophy."—Prof. Louis Kaufman Anspacher.

Friday, Nov. 25—"Why did the American People Do it?"

FOR BROOKLYN.

THE RADICAL LECTURE CLUB of Brooklyn meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., in the Military Hall, Scholes and Leonard sts., entrance 90 Scholes st. Admission, 5 cents. Free discussions.

Sunday, Nov. 13—"Heury Ibsen's Comedy of Love"—M. Kass (Jewish).

Sunday, Nov. 20—"Morality"—H. Kelly.

Sunday, Nov. 27—"The History of the Labor Movement in America"—M. London.

TO BOSTON COMRADES.

Comrades of Boston and Vicinity who are obliged to room out, and who would prefer to room where personal liberty is understood and respected, can secure such lodgings if they so desire.

For further particulars address Bertha M. Stone, Hotel Pelham, Boylston st., Boston, care of G. P. Wiksell.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Social Science League meets every Sunday evening, 8 p. m., in Room 913, Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture.

Sunday, Nov. 14—"Non-Resistance."—Herman Kuehn.

Sunday, Nov. 20—"William Morris."—Prof. O. L. Triggs.

Sunday, Nov. 27—"The Past and the Present of the Labor Movement in America."—T. P. Quinn.

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